

Chemo

CAROLYN ADAMS

As you turn to the oncoming magic,
what subsumes?

Because everything can't stay
at the surface, what is forgotten?

Your overlying shadow?

The aspect of sensation,
immediate, compelling?

Or the primitive drive
of instinctual flight?

Is there a heaviness
of limbs in your surrender?

Do you remain alert
to what creeps in, to cool or heat
as it progresses, moving
under your skin
like a spreading realization?

Does it urge
or discourage a resolve
as it performs its
inner work?

And you, there, alone,
in whatever position you've assumed,
do you poise an idea
toward what happens next?
Do you allow yourself
to think that far?
Do you ask,
"When is this over?"
then
"What is 'when'?"
and
"What is 'this'?"
and
"What is 'over'?"